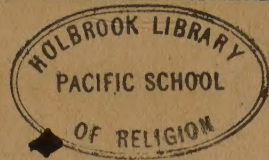


The American Friend



Old Series
Vol. XLIX No. 1

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Soldiers of Civilization

W. A. Young

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Provided by the Board on Christian Education—Edited by Percy M. Thomas

For January 4—The Synoptic Gospels
(Matthew 1:1, 17; Mark 1:1, 14, 15;
Luke 1:1-4; Acts 1:1-5; Matthew
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A THREEFOLD PICTURE OF JESUS

What wonderful opportunities there are in these first three Gospels to get a many-sided picture of Jesus the man of Nazareth, of Christ the Son of God! Three times the wonderful story is repeated, and not without reason. No single mind has ever been able to compass the life of Jesus; no one person has ever plumbed the depths of his character and spiritual insight; no one writer has succeeded in outlining a picture that does justice to the portrait of Jesus which his most devout followers feel in their hearts, even though they cannot find words to express it.

So we are glad that within the first century after his earthly life, three men in these three gospel narratives sketch the outlines of his spiritual features and the quality of his soul, to say nothing about their rehearsal of the things he said and did.

Three men approach and study a great tree in an open field. One sees in it the cords of wood and the feet of lumber which it will produce. A second man estimates its ability to afford shelter in the storm and shade from the burning sun. A third appraises its artistic outlines, its beauty, its symmetry of proportions, and its sense of fitness in the landscape of which it is a part.

Just so, our first writer, Matthew, finds in Jesus the reflection of his Hebrew background and the fulfillment of his people's age-long hopes. Here he is pre-eminently the Hebrew Messiah. Our second writer Mark, the preaching companion of Simon Peter in his later ministry, received his impressions of Jesus from the sermons of Peter. He outlines a picture of Jesus as the wonder-working Son of God. Then our third author, Luke, the beloved physician, approaches Jesus from yet another point of view, and we find in his pages the human phases of the walks and talks Jesus had with his fellowmen. Though divine, he sojourns with the common man suffers as others suffer, feels as others feel, is moved with compassion as he contemplates his people lost on the barren mountainsides of human tragedy, as prodigals wasting their divine heritage.

Right here it is fitting to pause and observe that during all the centuries since Jesus lived here on the earth there have been very many ideas about him. These have been so different that often they have caused discord, strife and even division among his followers. The perspective of the centuries leads us to note three things. First, each one of these efforts to appraise Jesus has been a sincere attempt on the part of some group that was seeking to understand him. Second, each portrayal of Jesus has stressed some one real fact in his life which became real to those who have expressed their convictions about him. Third, it may well be that each one of these has made a real contribution, and when they are brought into the perspective of our century-old attempts to understand him, we may discover that all of them go to make up a "synoptic" of his life, which has demonstrated to nineteen centuries of people that in him God walked among men, and with him as companion, men have learned what God is like. In him they have found a relative solution to their human problems and a satisfaction for their spiritual hunger.

So we shall come to the study of these three Gospels as Moses came to the burning bush, awed and humbled. We shall walk as it were with unshod feet as upon holy ground. We shall bow down many times for we shall find that we are in the presence of the Holy of Holies. We shall worship, for Jesus makes real the divine altar in the human heart. Upon that altar we can kindle into flame the spark of God which glows in every human heart. "There is a light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

For January 11—The Infancy and Boyhood of Jesus

(Luke 2:25-35, 39, 40)

MAN'S HOPE REALIZED IN JESUS

The calendar has again completed its round and climaxed the year with the festivities of Christmas. It reminded the weary war-sick world that the Christ Child did come, that the heavenly chorus did sing of peace and good will, that Jesus did climb the stairway from babyhood to man's full estate. Most important of all, he exhibited in his way of living all the best which the prophets had said of him—he told us, he showed

us, he revealed to us what God is like. Through him we found God to be not only all-powerful and all-holy, but also all-loving; and the long dreamed of fatherhood of God became a reality in the life of Jesus.

The theological term, "incarnation," so rich and significant in its mingling of the divine and the human in an inseparable unity, found its supreme expression in Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ of God. The practical problem that faces us lies in the method we can use to prove to an unconcerned and cynical world that God is still being reborn in human life, that he is being reincarnated in current flesh and blood lives by programs of loving service, by sacrificial living, by the restoration of the polar star of an eternal hope that shines through the dark of every human black-out.

The lurid gloom of the present world catastrophe is not an indictment of the gracious intent of an all-loving God. In Jesus he sent into the world an example of what human life can be and demonstrated a power which can turn men and society from wickedness loaded with disaster to righteousness freighted with peace.

For nineteen hundred years the life of Christ, the power of Christ and the transforming love of Christ have been available for all men. Messengers of these tidings have gone to the far corners of the earth to proclaim these truths and to demonstrate with radiant souls how the Gospel can be lived. The greatest tragedies of history lie in the sad fact that, save in small groups and in sporadic instances, mankind has never taken Jesus seriously. The divine principles embodied in the Babe of Bethlehem and in the Christ of Galilee have never been seriously tried in legislative halls, in economic programs or in social life. There still seems to be "no room in the inn" for such as he. We have said, "Holy, holy, holy," to the babe born in Bethlehem; we have said, "yes, yes," to the call of Jesus; but we have evidently never dared seriously to do as he did or to put the law of love into programs of practical living. The statesmanship of the world, ensnared in a Christless paganism, stands empty-handed and bankrupt before the judgment seat of an outraged moral order which has hung over every human enterprise words that call attention to the fact that man and society always reap what they sow.

Consider again that these charming stories that lie open upon the initial pages of these two Gospels are there to tell us, as only those first century Christians could tell us, that God himself had come to take up his abode with men. "The Word became flesh and dwelt

(Continued on page 16)

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Assume the Offensive!

FROM the time the present war became general in Europe, the peace forces of this country did their best to keep the United States out of the struggle. It was a valiant fight but a losing one as the Administration assumed a vigorous and belligerent initiative which, step by step, committed the nation to a policy of war which had its inevitable result. Executive action, in measure after measure, created situations which Congress could do little other than follow through. Finally the crash of war came—and the nation was in all over. Those who had striven against increasing odds to save the country for what they considered its destined place in the world, had lost and lost decisively. But, believing as they do, they would have been other than good, loyal citizens had they not made the courageous effort.

While their opinions have not changed, they have no disposition to oppose or handicap the national war program. This does not mean that those of us who cannot, because of religious convictions, participate actively in that program, do not still have a positive contribution to make—and make right now—to the national welfare and to world peace. Though we shift our efforts we should redouble them in checking certain trends of war time sentiment that pervert the national spirit and work against the realization of those dearly cherished hopes for the emergence of a livable world.

One of the basic principles alleged by those who have clamored for war is that of making way for a world of durable peace in which the values of the democratic way of life will be assured. It has been assumed that such a peace will require extensive readjustments involving the political and economic status of nations and peoples. To this end, as will be noted in this issue, conferences are announced for the study of these problems, in the belief that in time of war we should prepare for peace—and the right kind of peace. Already, in the heat of war, such conferences are being denounced as ill-timed and even disloyal. It is urged that talking about a just peace tends to weaken our war efforts; that our sole job now is to smash and destroy our enemies—and then will be the time to talk about peace. The tragic consequences of such an attitude of mind are obvious to

anyone who will pause to think what kind of a peace must emerge from an atmosphere of vindictiveness.

Hard upon this baleful trend comes the second trend—that of a punitive and vengeful peace. It has generally been conceded that a big factor leading to the second World War was the hard and unjust nature of the Treaty of Versailles—that, together with the faithlessness of the Allied Powers in making good on their agreements. That mistake must not be repeated, we were told. Now, in the early days of our participation in the war, there is a startling reversal and it is said that the mistake made was that the Treaty of Versailles was not severe enough—that when the next “peace” is drawn up, it must be really drastic. It is disconcerting to find so statesmanlike a churchman as the Archbishop of York giving support to this position though he does not express himself in such crass terms as do the rabble-rousers. Such a declared policy, reflected in the last of the Atlantic eight points, is not only vicious in principle and prospect, but steels the enemy to desperate resistance and postpones if it does not endanger victory.

Continuing the vicious circle, maintaining for a punitive peace calls for a mass demon interpretation of whole peoples on the enemy side. At first, war is waged against wicked cliques and dictators with protestation that there is no quarrel with the *people*, who are victims of their false leaders. This stage is passing so that now we find invective hurled indiscriminately at the people themselves, who are called beasts and other opprobrious names.

This has pathetic implications. On the Sunday following the outbreak of all-out war for this country, Deems Taylor, commentator on the New York Philharmonic concert program, in speaking of war attitudes, said he hoped and believed that the American people had “grown up” so to speak, during the intervening years since the last war and would not manifest some of the petty provincialism and childishness that were so much in evidence before. Specifically, he thought we would not now extend our war-mindedness to the point where we would place a ban upon listening to the great music of the world’s masters because it was composed by men who were of German or Italian nationality, or because it relates to coun-

tries with which we are now at war. May we all be found doing our courageous part to see that the hope expressed by Deems Taylor is justified. With civilization crumbling about us under the terrific impact of pagan forces, we should declare an "open city" on all cultural values that constitute our heritage, whatever their national or racial source.

A fourth tragic trend is not new but has been accentuated by our tragic entry into outright war. We refer to the shameful indifference to the fate of the slowly starving millions of people in the enemy-occupied democracies. The steadfast refusal of this country to help make way even for a test experiment on a limited scale, will constitute one of the blackest pages in our national history. That page will be still further darkened by the fact that a few religious notables have encouraged the government in its indefensible callousness to human tragedy. In the words of Herbert Hoover, "Unless this effort is made, our failure

to act will some day come back to fill this Nation with grief and remorse."

For the past two years the peace forces have striven on the defensive in combatting the ever mounting pressure to plunge this country into outright war. We should now assume a vigorous offensive for maintaining as great a degree of national sanity as is possible with a war time mentality. Above all—and in this we have as co-workers many who are active in support of the war—we must keep before the public some of the problems to be faced at the end of the war, the right resolving of which is imperative if anything like a just and durable peace is to be established. This in turn requires that we must help maintain an atmosphere of comparative reasonableness and objectivity, without which a constructive peace will be impossible. May this be our "offensive" for the duration.

Soldiers of Civilization

By W. A. Young, *President Friends University*

IN THESE days of war and preparation for war, the religious person is perplexed because he is called upon to make very sharp distinctions between the things that are God's and the things that are Caesar's. As our civilization grows more complex, this task grows more difficult. Jesus recognized that there are legitimate demands which Caesar has to make of us, and Caesar likewise recognizes the legitimate rights of God. When the present conscription law was being drafted, Pacifist leaders were consulted as to the wording of the law with regard to those who had religious scruples against bearing arms. This is proof of the respect of our government for the position of Quakers, and the following three statements from high officials prove conclusively that we are not classified as revolutionists or slackers:

An official statement from Washington, D. C.: "You are doing what you ought to do. We need to have in the world, especially now, some people who believe in the conquering power of love, and who express in deeds the conviction that Christ's Kingdom of God is something more than a dream or an illusion to be surrendered at every hard pinch."

An American ambassador said to a representative of the American Friends Service Committee: "You have certain ideals to hold up before men and nations. Remember, they are important. You seem to have more doors open to you in the world today than any other similar group. Enter them. Keep alive the sense of fellowship among people who are being separated by conflict, and remember, the day will come when men will be hungry for those ideals."

J. W. Studebaker, U. S. Commissioner of Education, said: "To hold aloft the torch of human ideals is the special function of the Church-related colleges in these times. From the classrooms of these colleges must come that other army of youth to lead us in the days ahead—the young men and women of informed intelligence and sensitive conscience upon whom we shall depend to serve society in the days of post-war reconstruction."

There are those who love America and who are ready

to sacrifice time and money for the preservation of what they consider to be the highest and truest in America—peace, justice, human equality, and freedom. These are ideals which form the basis of American life, and these people feel that they can better be perpetuated by "soldiers of civilization" than by "soldiers of war." The conflict of war is temporary. It is based on prejudice and hate; its weapons are carnal; its soldiers are drafted; it achieves by the destruction of morals of men and material, and it is always followed by a long period of reconstruction and regret.

Soldiers of civilization wage a conflict that is eternal, but one that is glorious because theirs is the task of taking the social, cultural, and spiritual progress of the past and tempering it to the conditions of the present as a basis for a better civilization tomorrow. They fight as volunteers and without pay; their equipment is "the whole armor of God" which includes truth, righteousness, peace, faith, and "the sword of the spirit." In this conflict there is no envy, no fear, no hate, because they are not fighting a man or a race of men, for neither is influential enough or guilty enough to be responsible for the world confusion of this hour. Neither are they fighting a particular economic program or political system, for these are man-made and as such they are good or bad, as good or bad men direct them. A moment's review of recent history reveals the inconsistency in fighting men or nations or systems. For years, Joseph Stalin was looked upon as a "mad man." Now, he is our "buddy." Japan, which was our friend and ally, is now our enemy. Bolshevism was anathema to all America for two decades. Now, we find whole magazines devoted to the redemption of this word and to the democratization of Sovietism. Spain, Italy, and Finland, recently our friends, are now our enemies.

The real enemies which challenge the "soldiers of civilization" are spiritual, and therefore cannot be overcome with carnal weapons. The number of these enemies is legion, but may we confine ourselves to the consideration of three—ignorance, fear, and frustration.

Ignorance stalks boldly in every land and every race. It "edits" all reports relating to other peoples, deleting what is good and magnifying what is evil. Whenever the ways of other people are different, they are interpreted as inferior or queer: the British are "snobs"; the Germans are cruel; the Japs are militant; the Chinese are queer, doing everything backward. We speak of "war-ridden" Europe, and America as "God's Country." The German sings "Deutschland ueber alles in der Welt." This is all so different from the true record of history which shows that civilization is a composite product in which every people has had a part. China can boast of the longest continuous history. America has proved the workability of federalism, but she is first in crime as well as in autos. Japan has made unparalleled progress in the past half century. England, Germany, and France have contributed their share to the "Who's Who" of the world. When we know the record of history, we find good and bad in all people and that all are contributing to the pattern of civilization which is ever an unfinished product.

The second enemy of civilization is fear: fear that the ideals of our fathers, the customs of the race, the liberties that we inherit will all be lost. Fear of hunger or of eviction from our homes; fear that our standards of living will be lowered. Held by such fears, we lose our equanimity, our spirits are depressed, our judgments warped. We shift our skills and energies from the constructive channels of progress to the propagation of lies and to the building of weapons of defense which become weapons of destruction.

Internal division or frustration is the third enemy. It is this state of confusion that "corrodes our convictions" and then short-circuits clear judgments and weakens our power of resistance. We persist in ignoring the fundamental truth of him who said, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." Since 1914, this world has become a physical, economical, and social unity, but it is too sharply divided to stand. Dictators oppose democracy, monarchy opposes federalism, autarchy opposes individualism. Even within America we find sharp and bitter divisions— isolationist against interventionist; C. I. O. against A. F. L.; labor against capital. There are "Fifth Columnists," "Silver Shirts" and anti-Semites. It is folly for this nation to assume to contribute to the peace and order of the world until we achieve a wholesome unity at home.

This does not imply the unity of a stone as a Hitler whose will is adamant, but rather the unity of entities, a unity that is reached by free discussion and in the quest of a common ideal and loyalty. In this conflict, we must not forget the importance of keeping up the civilian morale. This can be done only by maintaining faith in the cause as well as faith in our ability to do the job. The "long view" of history, with its record of crises met and weathered and the subsequent progress of civilization, gives us a sense of security and faith in a better tomorrow. Likewise, an abiding faith in God, creator of the earth and man, gives a sense of calm and security, and convinces us that God still lives and will live after Hitler is forgotten.

Not only must the "soldier of civilization" preserve the heritage of the past, but he must aid in the building of a better tomorrow. This tomorrow will be different, to be true, but that should be welcomed. Change is a fundamental law of nature: babies, pigs, and trees, all grow up and we would not have it otherwise. Revolutions come when someone attempts to block progress. What a national tragedy if our forefathers could have said to the civilization of George Washington, "Tarry moment, thou art so fair," and thus have preserved for us the doctors, the transportation, and the homes of his day. We have a right to expect this tomorrow to be socially and economically more

democratic, because democracy in its true sense is spiritual, resting on the principle of equality of human personality. This does not grant to any race or class a monopoly on government or the natural resources of the nation. In the words of the Malvern Conference, "We must recover reverence for the earth and its resources, treating it no longer as a reservoir of potential wealth to be exploited, but as a storehouse of divine bounty on which we utterly depend."

The building of this new and better world is the task of those endowed with "intelligence, tolerance, and good will." The record of history is clear: those who destroy are not called upon to reconstruct. Behold Moses, David, Napoleon, Wilson, and Clemenceau. The foundation of this better world will be cooperation, not competition; love, not hate; peace, not war; right, not might. These are all ideals that have played a prominent part in the building of America. We must extend these same ideals to the world.

Wichita, Kansas.

After the Act

Addendum

As readers would surmise, the article by Levi T. Pennington, "A Vision of Christmas, 1941," which appeared in our last issue, was written just prior to the Japanese attack and this nation's immediate declaration of war. In preparing to give it as a radio address on December 17, he added two paragraphs which we share with our readers.

And time again turned back, and I saw the legislative body of that great western land which had been the haven of liberty for all the rest of the world. And they were putting restrictions on immigration. And for all the occidental peoples they fixed a quota based on a proportion of those who had been admitted, by the millions, in former years. But there was an oriental nation of brown men across the great ocean, and though few of them had ever entered the country and their quota would have been almost infinitesimal, these brown men were excluded as an inferior and undesirable race. And as that law was passed which slapped a friendly nation in the face, I saw in that great legislative hall a figure clad in a seamless robe; and I heard His sad voice say, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." . . .

And time moved forward again, and I saw the islands and the shores of that great ocean ablaze with war. And the men of that great western land of the free were being blown to pieces with the very war equipment which their countrymen had sold to the brown men for the destruction of the friendly yellow men on the mainland. For the brown men, maddened by the loss of face which they had suffered through the exclusion law, and filled with the desire for empire which had so long filled the hearts of the white peoples of other lands, had made a dastardly and treacherous attack upon the nation that had once been their chief friend among the nations of the earth. And as the guns roared and the ships sank and the planes swept through the air scattering horrible devastation, and as men died in water and in fire, on the sea and on the land and in the air, a sad-faced figure clad in a seamless robe moved among them, and I heard His long-patient voice again in anguished prayer, "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do." . . .

Inspired on the Lord's Day

By John H. Roberts

THE great spiritual genius who gave us "The Revelation of St. John the Divine," as the King James version of the Bible terms it, has told in memorable phrases how that vision came to him. "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day," he says according to the authorised text. But in the Ferrer Fenton translation (one that deserves to be better known) he is made to say, "I became inspired on the Lord's Day," which has a more appealing ring to it. Verses 9, 10 and 11 of the first chapter of The Revelation, as translated by Fenton, are singularly helpful:

"I, John, your brother, and participator in the affliction, and kingship, and suffering of Jesus, was in the island known as Patmos, on account of the message of God and my testimony for Jesus. I became inspired on the Lord's day; and I heard a loud voice behind me, resembling a trumpet-blast, saying: What you see, write in a book, and dispatch to the seven assemblies . . ."

All inspiration has a spiritual basis. "He breathed into man the breath of life," says the writer of Genesis, and Fenton says of Jesus in John 20:22, "He infused Himself into them," referring to the disciples gathered in that upper room the evening of the day of his resurrection. Was it not then they became inspired for Pentecost? Job says, "The inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding." We know it also gives courage, faith, endurance, vision.

When men and women become inspired, as John became on the Lord's day, they are inspired to do something. "I heard a loud voice saying, what you see write in a book and dispatch to the seven assemblies." Hearing, seeing, doing—the three sequences of divine inspiration of human kind. The immortal tinker of Bedford was so inspired in his prison cell and gave Christendom his Pilgrim's Progress. Joan of Arc heard voices, saw her duty clear, and wrote at least a page of history.

Often inspiration has its genesis in persecution or suffering, or both. John Bright, England's great Quaker statesman and reformer, mourned helplessly the loss of his wife. Came to him Richard Cobden, saying, "Come, John Bright, join hands with me and we will never rest until we have wiped the iniquitous Corn Laws off the statute books of England." Nor did these two inspired men cease their task until victory was won. It was suffering that drove that brave little woman, Carrie Nation, forth to her task of smashing the saloon, and the writer will never forget her telling him the story of how God spoke to her, bidding her go forth, axe in hand, to smash the foul thing that had caused her untold suffering in the destruction of her husband. Garrison, dragged through Boston streets at the end of a rope and flung into a prison cell there, got his inspiration for his, "I will not extenuate; I will be heard."

The Lord's day—our First Day—is peculiarly well adapted for the imparting of inspiration; perhaps because we are then the more receptive. It is a day of quietness, or should be; a day of rest, of worship, of hallowed memories. In our Quaker way of worship we are as John was on the Lord's day, "in the Spirit." God speaks to us in the silence. It was on the Lord's day in a Friends' meeting for worship that Elizabeth Gurney, our Elizabeth Fry as the world now knows her, received the first divine impulse that led to her mighty work for the redemption of prisoners and the radical improvement of the prison system of England, and indeed the world. "I had a faint light spread over my mind," Elizabeth Fry said, speaking of the address of the American, William Savery, on the occasion. Later at another meeting Deborah Darby was the human instrumentality through which high inspiration came to Elizabeth Fry. Let her tell her own story:

"After sitting a time in awful silence, Rebecca Young

did speak most beautifully. She did reach my heart. Deborah Darby then spoke. I only fear she says too much of what I am to be—'a light to the blind, speech to the dumb and feet to the lame.' . . . After the meeting my heart felt really light and as I walked home by starlight I looked through nature up to nature's God. Here I am now in Cousin Prissy's little room—never to forget this day while life is in my body. I know now what the mountain is I have to climb. I am to be a Quaker."

It was not until Stephen Grellet came to her, appealing that she would do something to mitigate the horrors of Newgate Prison, that Elizabeth Fry really received the inspiration that gave her her life work, but truly of her it may be said, she "became inspired on the Lord's day." For us Quakers, every day is the Lord's day and we should make it such if we would live inspired lives, as is possible to all of us. The day we realise, with John, that we are "participator in the affliction, and kingship, and suffering of Jesus," and enter into "the fellowship of His suffering," in Paul's fine phrase, by relieving the suffering of the weak and helpless, bearing others' burdens, and sharing the load of the weary and heavy-laden, then it is we become inspired on the Lord's day.

"I know now," said Elizabeth Fry, "the mountain I have to climb." Do we?

Toronto, Canada.

Things Are Very Normal

By Francis D. Hole

EITHER disciple nor centurion would be willing to say, "All's right with the world," but both insist that things are very normal.

When swords and shields are clashing, the civilians are calmed with such assurance, and even a centurion, returning, may say, quietly, that he believes that things are very normal. Such assurance is essential for success in any enterprise, but it is borrowed peace from the realms of peace, an imitation calm to blanket the destruction, as with a smoke-screen. The real destruction within the hearts of all, civilian, centurion, disciple, is not so easily blanketed. It is right that we should heed disciples, the saints of the tradition of Assisi, who, through everything, were built up again, and who, seeing the image of right standing beside them, were content that things are very normal.

It is normal that each individual personality is priceless, even though men, prompted by abnormality, do not act so. It is normal that infinite good awaits our pleasure, mercifully, even though men postpone it, unmercifully. It is normal for the mountaineer to walk, sure-footed, among deep-walled precipices and loose rock.

But it is upon immovable rock that the Carpenter builds his houses. In the wilderness, among rocks, he let himself be established, that in the wilderness of men he might abide, a testimony to the security of the one foundation of the awareness of God, which is available to all.

We are instructed by the saints that prayer is the root and that thought and action are the leaves which rise from it. When thought and action become fretful, recourse is to the roots of existence. Even thought descends below, like sap, when winter comes.

If we but listen to the divine advocates, we shall surely be persuaded that it is very normal for each in his measure to grow in the knowledge of that which survives all destruction, and which is the source of all peace.

Madison, Wisconsin.

Journal Entry—Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941

By Harold Chance

THIS is Sunday evening. It has been a quiet day. This morning, a hotel clerk in Knoxville, Tennessee, called me at 4:30 a. m. It was dark outside, but already one could see the first gleam of a beautiful day. The train for North Carolina left the Southern Railroad Station at six. All day long we felt our way over a tortuously-winding roadbed through the mountains of Tennessee and the rolling hills of North Carolina. There were countless tiny, unpainted houses and cabins tucked away in those mountains and hills. There is little or no sign of wealth on the whole journey. One would like to leave the train as it slowly rounds an upgrade curve and pick his way down a rocky path to any one or any one hundred of those cabins. I am sure they must be simple folk living there, with all the qualities and all the failings which simple folk in every land possess. Choose at random any score of those homes and one would find all the joys and all the sorrows, all the problems and all the opportunities, which have faced the common people for countless generations. Now that night has closed in on this sunny Sunday, it is not difficult in thought to slip unseen into these simple homes.

In this cabin, a father sits brooding before the fireplace. The little tax bill which comes due next month is more of an unsolved burden than the much larger bill which will come to the manager of the hotel in which I sit and write. How can he meet this tax and in the same month send the usual amount to the daughter whom the family is trying to keep in the Teachers' School near by? He can't! That is what is keeping this father awake at night.

The lighted doorway of a cabin a little farther down the valley reflects in silhouette a pair of young lovers back from a mile hike along the creek. Life does not, at the moment, hold much in the way of material things for them. But it does hold love and a promise for the future. That is all they ask and next Sunday evening, in a simple, white-board village church an unlettered but devout minister of Christ's gospel will make them man and wife. May life fulfill at least a fair portion of the dream they hold between them as they lightly press lip to lip in this Sunday night farewell.

In another cabin far up the hillside, a dim light burns in the corner bedroom. The mother has been ill for two long weeks. There has always been, however, a certain hope of complete recov-

ery. But this evening, a sudden change in her illness has brought a hurried call from a town doctor. Now he sits on a chair beside the bed—his fingers gently pressed against the pulse veins in his patient's wrist. Yes, the family is there, too. The husband stands in the doorway close by the bed's head—eyes searching first the pale face on the pillow; then the intent face of the doctor. The three children have been allowed to enter, too. Now they stand quiet, fearful, wide-eyed at the bed's foot. The moments drag into minutes—the minutes into half an hour—the last half-hour. The doctor takes his hand from the wrist and says simply, "She is gone." There is just one throaty sob from the doorway; then the father gathers the children to him beside the bed for a few last moments as an unbroken family circle.

One leaves, knowing a stranger has no place or part in such a scene—but knowing too that all these homes visited reflect as in a composite the suffering and joy of countless homes this Sunday evening. But there have been other Sundays and there are other lands, and these thought projections bring to mind another Sunday railroad journey in the little island empire called Japan. It was almost twenty years ago. The steamship *President Wilson* had docked at Yokohama. Earlier in the morning, a ship's steward, instead of a hotel clerk, had knocked on the door. It was dark outside, but by the time one had dressed and found his way on deck, sufficient light had dawned to make just visible the clear outline of a broken, tilted pier. At that, it was the only serviceable pier left in the whole harbor. And of the great city of Yokohama, only one fire-gutted office building could be seen standing.

The Yokohama earthquake is history now—almost forgotten. As always, the poor had suffered most. Their flimsy wooden or bamboo houses had burned like paper in the fire which followed the earthquake. One hundred thousand had died in a few short hours. Others were destitute and would continue so as long as they lived. For Japan is a poor country and even under the best of conditions the average family is caught in a life-and-death struggle to keep soul and body together.

Later that Sunday after one had picked his way across the rubble heap which had been Yokohama to an outlying railroad station and then boarded a train for the ride to Kamakura, one saw

for the first time the real Japan, just as riding from Knoxville, Tennessee, to Greensboro, North Carolina, one sees the real America. Here was life at its best and at its worst: common people living in peculiar little homes along the railroad track and off in distant valleys, working their little plots of land, and struggling always with taxes and love and death—not caring too much—not having the time or the energy to care too much about the wide world to the East or West, but trying to see their way through the next six weeks or the next six months.

Then at Kamakura, one saw these same people again. They were at worship, for Kamakura is an ancient and venerable religious center. There, a great bronze Buddha has sat in silent meditation since the Twelfth Century. And through all those years, men and women and little children have come, following what light they had to bow in silent meditation at this shrine. Instinctively, one approaches on tip-toe and with bared head, and entering the great wood-framed gate, reads these words: "Stranger, whoever you are, as you enter here—remember you tread on holy ground—ground hallowed by the worshipping multitude through the ages."

A Quaker could not do less than bow with these hundreds of God's children, Japanese though they be, for the Father of all mankind has made of one blood all the peoples of the earth.

And, now tonight, Japan and the United States are at war. The sons of the people with whom one worshipped at Kamakura, and the sons of the people who live in the cabins passed today in the Tennessee mountains and the North Carolina hills, are fighting each other. They hardly know it yet. But the news commentator was telling the story when we entered the King Cotton Hotel lobby, Greensboro, at 1 p. m. This peaceful Sunday has been shattered after the quiet day's ride on the train, shattered by a terrible and tragic fact. Men are crowded six-deep around the lobby radio to hear the latest. They may stand so for the next six months or six years, if they wait for the final signing of an armistice. For men behind big desks in Washington and other men behind big desks in Tokyo are sticking pins in maps and telling the sons of the people to go out and capture objectives illustrated by the pins.

The commentator says the war will

cost at least one hundred billion dollars and may cost hundreds of thousands of lives. "But then," the commentator adds, "this is to be expected because this is war!"

As he says it, one cannot help thinking also that this is Christmas—and did Christ come in vain? Was the message of Christ's birth, "Peace on earth," merely sky-writing, to be blown away by the first breeze that passed? History gives the lie to this, for though the rulers of men have been slow to grasp and apply Jesus' message and method, the common people have ever been reluctant to leave their homes and loved ones to die on foreign battlefields. There even has been a thin, unbroken line of those who have refused to war and even in times like these, have lived in such a manner as to do away with the occasion for conflict. These know a peace that "passeth understanding." That number is growing—perhaps being greatly augmented this very hour by the foolishness of attempting to fight our brothers across ten thousand miles of mountain, plain, and sea.

No possible good can come out of this war commensurate with the evil it will engender. This war was no more necessary than countless other wars which have been fought. True, the Japanese attacked America, but behind this attack was an Oriental Exclusion Act, a denial of Japanese access to raw materials, a refusal to recognize her surplus population problem. In addition to that, we must not forget that it was American gunboats which forcibly opened Japanese harbors and minds to Western ideas. It was European and American expansionist plans which formed the object lesson for the Japanese in India and Sumatra and the Malay Peninsula and New Guinea and Borneo, and last but not least, in the Philippine Islands to the south.

We are not sanctioning Japan's latest move here, but pointing out that as in most disputes there are two sides to the question, and after millions of dollars have been spent and thousands of lives lost, there will still be two sides to the question and the problems will not have been solved in any fundamental way

through the war. Christian pacifists know this and will decline now, as they have declined in the past, to take part in such a fruitless struggle.

To this group, at least, Christmas in 1941 will still mean something real. It will mean what it meant to Fra Giovanni in 1513, when from some secluded old world monastery, he penned this message which will find a response in your heart and soul:

I Salute You! There is nothing I can give you which you have not; but there is much that, while I cannot give, you can take.

No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. *Take Heaven.*

No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in the present instant. *Take Peace.*

The gloom of the world is but a shadow; behind it, yet within our reach, is joy. *Take Joy.*

And so, at this Christmas time, I greet you, with the prayer that for you, now and forever, the day breaks and the shadows flee away.

Observations on Germany (1940-1941)

By Leonard S. Kenworthy

AN ARTIST once requested the privilege of painting a portrait of Madame Schumann-Heink. For a long time he pleaded unsuccessfully for her permission. Finally, in desperation, he said, "Madame, I guarantee to do you justice." To which she replied with a smile, "Sir, it is not justice but mercy that I seek at your hand." In some ways I have a feeling akin to hers as I address the Middle States historians on the subject of Germany. The mercury of feeling towards that country and her allies has already reached a particularly high point in this section of the United States. The effect of such an emotional climatic condition upon mental processes is about the same as the effect of our hot, humid days upon physical energy. We do not perform at our best. I have the temerity to speak, however, because I am addressing a group of scholars trained in objectivity and historical perspective, and because I am speaking from acquaintance with many Germans of different political, social, economic and religious viewpoints—men and women whom I learned to know intimately in my year's sojourn in their country from July, 1940, to June, 1941.

After a similar sojourn a few years ago, Nora Waln wrote in "Reaching for

This is an address delivered the latter part of November before the Middle States Association of History and Social Science Teachers, of which Leonard Kenworthy is First Vice-President. As most of our readers know, Leonard represented the American Friends Service Committee in Germany, with headquarters at the Friends Center in Berlin, during the period indicated.

the Stars" that she had "found in Germany a people of whom I can write unconditionally that they are the most generously kind, the quickest to sympathy, of any people I have yet known—a folk tireless in the practical things they will undertake and accomplish for one on the slightest acquaintance. This applies to all. No line can be drawn between Nazis and the others . . ." My lack of intimate acquaintance with other peoples would not warrant my use of such superlatives, but I can say that I was courteously and kindly received and treated by government officials and by the general populace. Early in the Spring of 1941, a statement was issued to public officials requesting them to treat Americans "coolly but correct-

ly." In reality that meant no social intercourse, and no special favors to travel and to visit public institutions, but it did not hamper my freedom to speak English in public places, to move freely as an American, or to travel without permission throughout Germany and former Austria.

Upon occasion I saw the Gestapo, including one "historic" interview in which I received two of their plain-clothes representatives at 6:30 a. m., and answered their questions while remaining in bed, convincing them after twenty minutes that my appearance in that city had nothing to do with the Japanese Foreign Minister's route that day through the same town. From them I also received each time civil and courteous care. Perhaps the outstanding example of tolerant treatment occurred on my second day in Berlin at a Victory Parade on Unter den Linden when I found myself in the midst of a throng when the bands struck up the music of Deutschland ueber Alles and the Horst Wessel song. Hundreds of hands pierced the air around me and mine remained, in American style, in my pockets. Not a word was said to me and no action was taken against me. At no time dur-

*Waln, Nora "Reaching for the Stars," Boston, Little and Brown Co. 1937, p. 73-74.

ing my year there did I give the Hitler salute or the Heil Hitler greeting.

Late in the Spring of 1941, feeling against the United States was definitely on the increase, fanned by war events, by Presidential utterances, Congressional actions, and by German propaganda. This meant more coolness and less correctness, but up until June, 1941, I found my Americanism no real embarrassment in wartime Germany.

There are many who feel that the average German, particularly the Prussian, is by nature and/or training, brutal, ruthless, barbaric. From my experiences I can say that the average German, including the Prussian, is basically no different from other nationalities. I have watched them in their homes with their children, sat with them in reverent worship in churches, and discussed with them issues where any basic differences would have crept out. They did not appear.

Probably no group is less respected by the Germans as a whole than is the Pole. Polish workers in Germany are compelled to wear a purple letter "P" on a yellow background on their sleeves as a special means of identification. Yet the treatment shown them by the populace apparently was so good that leaflets were distributed instructing citizens to treat them with less respect and to have no intercourse with them.

This defense of the average German as an ordinary human being does not mean that I am unaware of the ruthlessness and brutalities in German life. I have seen too much of the human wreckage of racial and political persecution and war, and I have tried too hard to salvage some of it, to hold such a point of view. Two of my nearest and dearest German colleagues were placed in concentration camp during my year abroad, and one of them has since died, according to reports received in the States. Ten of the most tragic days of my life were those spent in interviewing scores of individuals before their departure for Poland. I am painfully aware of these facts but I am maintaining that no people can be tarred with this brush even though elements or individuals within a nation may have adopted such tactics when internal and external conditions afford them the opportunity.

Most oppressed within Germany are members of the Jewish race, whether they be Jews, Catholics, or Protestants by religious affiliation. There can be no doubt that they are to be systematically driven out of Central Europe if present plans are carried through to completion. This statement exempts no one. And contrary to American wishful-thinking, there is considerable support for such a mass evacuation. Many Europeans seem

to resent the extremes to which this policy is carried, while acquiescing in its objective—the removal of the Jew from the "Aryan" community.

In an attempt to probe the reasons for this attitude, I questioned many people, including Nazi party members. Perhaps the fullest answer came from an official prominent in Republican and Nazi Germany. A perennial problem, he said, was aggravated after the World War by the arrival of many Polish Jews of inferior educational, social and economic background. Then, because of their liberal views and intellectual attainments, the Jews were in great demand as leaders during the Republic. As a consequence, the former understanding was abandoned whereby they were represented in the government in numbers somewhat approximating their proportion of the population. These factors, together with economic gains made by some of them, general prejudice, psychological factors resulting from a long history of persecution, and the convenience of a scapegoat, brought on the present extensive and intensive persecution.

Perhaps some of you think that I have already contradicted my statement that the German is not more brutal than others by citing his support of at least a part of the Jewish persecution. I think not, for even more upon my return than before my departure for Europe I have been appalled by anti-Semitism in the United States. Given certain post-war conditions here, we could easily duplicate much of the persecution which has been carried on

THE SKY WAY

How can we hail with joy the New Year,
When there hangs above us a pall of
fear?

How can one smile with a gas mask on
And eagles of death riding every dawn?

I think we should look up, and I'll tell
you why,
Go read in a Book, "Redemption draweth
nigh."

I walked through a forest on a moon-
less night,
I'd have lost my way, for I had no light

Had I looked below instead of above,
And failed to remember that, "God is
love."

But I found the way, and I'll tell you
why,

I followed the path above, in the sky.

F. E. C.

Plainfield, Indiana.

abroad. I know what that is and I plead with you as historians and social scientists, as advocates of protection to racial and religious minorities, and as leaders among young Americans, to search your souls as to your responsibilities in preventing the same kind of development in the United States.

We read much and hear much today about persecution of other religious groups in Germany in addition to the Jews. Some of it is of course true. Much of it is exaggerated. I doubt if there is any area of German life upon which Americans are less well-informed. People continue to ask me if church bells still ring and if services are still held. I can answer emphatically, yes. With the exception of Jewish synagogues, I know of no churches that have been closed. On the other hand I know of few churches that are active, live organizations when compared to congregations in the United States.

That is by no means a new situation in Germany, even though it has been aggravated by events of recent years. Germany still staggers under the curse of a state church. Support for the pastors and congregational expenses comes easily from taxes and extensive land holdings. As a result of the fact that everyone is registered at birth as a member of the church, enormous membership lists make congregational visitation difficult. Likewise, one must find spiritual nourishment in the Lutheran or Catholic Church or not at all so far as institutional religion is concerned. Other denominations are practically non-existent. Furthermore, the church is considered a place merely for Sunday worship. Religious education, social service work, and congregational social activities as we know them in the United States have never been widely accepted among German Christians. These factors help explain in part why the church in Germany has been vulnerable and has not been overly successful in repulsing such an attack. And it must not be forgotten that the German Church, like that of other countries, follows the lead of the State rather than leading it.

Nevertheless I return to the United States convinced that even the death of institutional Christianity would not kill real Christianity in Germany or in Europe. As one of the great religious leaders of the Continent said to me as we discussed this issue in Berlin, "You cannot kill the Spirit." There is much to encourage one in this respect in Nazi Germany. The Confessional Synod Church has freed itself of state domination and despite external pressures and internal difficulties, it continues to function as a vital spiritual cell. The

Catholic Church has been able to maintain itself remarkably well; it has, for example, just as many men entering the priesthood now as previously, according to reliable sources. Among the best-sellers in Germany are several semi-religious books with such titles as "In Heaven as on Earth," "The Simple Life," and "The Great Tyrant and His Justice." Concerts of religious music are extremely well-attended everywhere.

Most encouraging of all is the large number of small groups of men and women all over Germany, but particularly in metropolitan areas, who come together for spiritual fellowship, often without any connection with any organized church or representative of the clergy or priesthood.

From my experiences in Germany I return with much more respect for our American church, with thankfulness

that our Church and State are separated. I return more than ever convinced that a church without a social message is a decadent church and a nationalistic church a harmful institution. May we as individuals exert our influence still further in making our religious institutions real centers of Christian worship and activity.

(To be continued)

Overbrook, Philadelphia.

Trends in British Christianity

By John S. Hoyland

THE most hopeful thing in British Christianity today—and there are many hopeful things—is the growing emphasis on practical group action for Christ. To take some instances: The other day I was visiting an old Woodbroker who is now married and living near Nottingham, in a small industrial town. Some time ago the Town Council began to regard seriously their responsibility to provide good meals, at a low charge, for industrial workers. In other words, they were planning to start a British "restaurant."

This old Woodbroker was approached, and agreed to become manager of the new venture. She is now supplying four hundred people a day with a really good midday meal, at an average charge of eighteen to twenty cents each, with no rationing difficulties (because the authorities are behind the venture). She has gathered a group of helpers round her who are doing this magnificent piece of work in the spirit of Christian service to the community. She herself is responsible for the main part of the cooking. Her husband, who is a chemist in a local factory, told me that before the restaurant started his wife used to be known as "The Chemist's wife," but now he is known as "the Cook's husband"! The venture is run at a profit to the local Council. Undue interference with home life is avoided by providing facilities for anyone who wishes to carry their meals home in receptacles, instead of eating them on the spot.

In some of our larger cities there are over one hundred of these restaurants. Not all of them, of course, are run in the spirit which this old Woodbroker has managed to breed in her group; but it is becoming more and more clear that the provision and working of such communal feeding arrangements constitutes a challenge for real creative action on the part of the Christian Church.

Some of us were recently visiting the

wonderful little island of Iona, off the west coast of Scotland, where British Christianity originated, in the year 563 A.D., with the landing of St. Columba in his coracle from Ireland. We went by land, having only a short sea passage in a comfortable motor boat. Even so we were reminded of the distinguished English visitor to the United States, who on arrival at New York was invited to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly*, but replied that there was no need as he had been doing so hourly all the way across! What must it have been like to voyage eighty miles on the stormy North Atlantic in a coracle!

We were met in Iona for conference,

SPIRIT OF OBEISANCE

A worthy captain manned his ship
Away from the breakers' roar;
His faithful mate stood by his side
As lights grew dim on the shore.
They sped straight out to the open sea
As rolling waves dashed high,
For their eager eyes peered far ahead,
Where foamy spray kissed the sky.

Their cheerfulness eased every task;
Their spirits soared above
And touched the magic, golden keys
Of harmony and love.
Their joyful voices echoed far—
Re-echoed as they sang
The song of hope within their hearts,
While notes of gladness rang.

When shadows played and darkness came,
They held no fear at all,
But kept a true and charted course
To heed their Master's call.
And though despairing curtains fell
As heavy mists hung low,
They anchored safely in the port
Of Faith's eternal glow.

LULA H. KENWORTHY.

Kokomo, Indiana.

and to help in the rebuilding of the monastic buildings close to the wonderful old Iona Cathedral, the mother church of all of us British Christians, whether in Scotland, in England or in America. These buildings are to be used in the post-war years as a community centre for unemployed men, together with young Church trainees. One day I found myself yoked side by side with Prof. Macgregor of Glasgow, one of the keenest-visioned of Christian thinkers, tugging like oxen at a cart conveying stones up from the beach to the new-old buildings. As we talked (rather gaspingly) together, we gained a new vision of what the methods of Columba may mean for the tackling all over again in our time of the very same job that he tackled—the Christianizing of a pagan continent. Briefly put, Columba's methods were these:

First, act always together, in a Christian group, a group that has learned through the group worship of Christ to laugh at hardship and death (there were many Iona martyrs), and to transcend all considerations of personal property and advantage.

Secondly, dig hard. One sees the fields that Columba and his men created in the midst of stony wildernesses on Iona itself: and wherever they went in Britain and beyond, they went not merely as Christianizers but as practical exponents of good agriculture—also of better buildings, health services, and education for the savage peoples to whom they ministered.

Third, be ready to learn from the people to whom you go, however debased they seem. We were told that the lovely Celtic crosses themselves, of which there are a number on Iona, are a sign of this readiness of Columba and his men to learn from the Druid religion which they found in possession. The circle beneath the Cross stands for the sun, the emblem of the old worship.

The leader of the Iona Community,

which is rebuilding the old monastery, is a splendid Scottish Christian, George Macgregor, who in many ways stands very close to our own tradition of John Woolman Quakerism. He sums up Columba's message in the quaint phrase, "The Fried Fish-shop Church." He believes that the Church as a whole has "one foot in the grave and the other on a banana-skin"; and that the only cure for this disastrous position is that young Christians should go in groups to minister to the primary needs of the peo-

ple—for instance in the new British restaurants for the workers. Their group worship must spring directly out of, and be strictly related to, their group service. And they must go in a teachable and learning spirit, aware of their own deficiencies and of the failure of present-day Christianity. Both service and worship will be in the spirit of Christ's sacrament of the feet-washing—that great final, wholly authentic sacrament. They will know Christ's words as applying to themselves: "If

I your Master have done such service for you, you must do the same. If you understand and act on this, happy shall you be."

I hope to give you other instances of the fashion in which in many parts of our country, and notably in new avenues of work being explored by our own Society, this fresh vision of a serving-and-worshiping Church is being applied. I believe that the whole movement is of vital importance for the recovery of our almost moribund Christianity.

From Bay to Bay in California

Golden Gate to Monterey

SUNDAY morning, August 10, was bright and invigorating, minus the fog that sometimes hovers over the San Francisco Bay area. The parkway of the Blue Bell Auto Court was gorgeous with the luxuriant flowers that beautify the bay cities, and every prospect seemed to please. It will be recalled that we were at home during our over-Sunday sojourn, just north of Berkeley, on Route 40 in Richmond, California.

ON CAMPUS OF GOLDEN BEAR

Before making our way to the Friends Church in Berkeley, we drove up to the University of California campus, which was our graduate student home for three years. While the University has had a remarkable development during the intervening years, the campus being greatly changed by a progressive building program, enough of the familiar landmarks remain to give an old timer a sense of familiarity. Notable among these landmarks is the Greek Open Air Theatre, just above the campus, where, in addition to the varied university programs, we had heard such celebrities as James Bryce, Adelina Patti, Maude Adams and David Bispham, whose names readily occur to us as we write. Then it was with a feeling of exaltation that we stood before the graceful Campanile and once more looked straight across the Bay through the Golden Gate—and now, through the lofty pillars of the Golden Gate Bridge.

MEETING OLD FRIENDS IN BERKELEY

Again we were at home when we reached the church at Channing Way and Fulton Street, for that was our church home during our university days in Berkeley. Long ago as that was, we were rather surprised to find so many facing us who were fellow members of the congregation thirty years ago. The hearty welcome extended us by the

pastor, Gorman Y. Doubleday, and the freedom of the meeting accorded us, was indicative of the spirit of warm friendliness that enveloped the visiting Friends. We cannot forbear singling out for special mention our dear friend, Olive L. Naylor, the one continuing pillar member associated with our Friendly connections in Berkeley, when we were young folks together.

After meeting, we connected up, among other friends, with May E. Lamb and her sister, Mrs. Lula Wight, both of whom were country school and college mates of ours at Newberg, Oregon. Moreover, during two of our years in Berkeley, the writer made his home with May Lamb and her mother, Ann Lamb. For many years May has had a responsible position in the leading banking institution of the Berkeley district, and not long ago was one of the honor guests at a public banquet given in recognition of those who had been continually employed in Berkeley business concerns for as long as thirty-five years. Hence we were now making connections not only with an old friend but with the substantial business interests of the city!

WHAT FIVE YEARS HAD WROUGHT

Our family and the Lamb sisters had lunch together, after which we met another aforetime friend in the person of Dora Blumer, expert linotype operator on the *Berkeley Gazette*. It was she who piloted us over San Francisco in 1936, and now graciously offered to do so again. We have found her to be as jolly as a companion as she is effective as a guide.

So back we drove that Sunday afternoon, over the long and high San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge, each successive crossing being a thrill in itself. Since for two of our party this was the first visit to the bay section, we

"did" San Francisco very much as five years before, with some new and additional attractions thrown in. Indeed, seeing San Francisco in 1936 was far from seeing this distinctive city in 1941. We were greatly impressed over the development of the hilly city during the brief, five-year period; particularly so in respect to the progress in housing. San Francisco used to be pretty much of an apartment town, and we were pleased accordingly to observe that it is rapidly becoming a city of highly attractive homes. We are referring chiefly to the fine new residence sections, but even the compact housing projects show some originality and distinction. At any rate they put up a brave front, even if they don't always bear too close inspection from the rear. As Dora Blumer put it, these mass production houses are Queen Anne in front and Mary Ann behind!

A CITY ON ITS ELEVEN HILLS

In the matter of hills, San Francisco goes Rome four better, built as it is upon its eleven hills—at least built around if not always on them. And the lady in the pilot car seemed to have special facility—and peculiar delight—in leading us up and over these hills, some of whose inclines were much steeper than any mountain grades we had been called upon to negotiate. Among the eleven hills are Twin Peaks, more than nine hundred feet high, from which we had a magnificent view of the bay city and its environs. Looking seaward, the light was just right for us to descry the low-lying Farallon Islands, which constitute the U.S. Lighthouse Reservation, some thirty miles out.

SOME WELL KNOWN FEATURES

There are a few well known features of the city that are as distinctive of San Francisco as is the Board Walk of Atlantic City: Market Street, leading

down to the Ferries Building, which latter, in the pre-bridge days, was the nerve center of bay transportation; Golden Gate Park, scenic area and vast recreational ground of the bay district; the famous Cliff House, with the old Sutro Park above it, the latter still dotted with antiquated and melancholy looking pieces of white statuary, badly in need of a bath—or something. These and many other points of interest we saw, then drove through the Presidio, U.S. Reservation of 1540 acres, headquarters of the Ninth Army Corps, on our way to the one feature that gives full exercise to all the five senses, with the emphasis on smell and taste.

AT FISHERMEN'S WHARF

Fishermen's Wharf is the focus for the commercial fishing craft of the bay section, and presents a unique and picturesque scene. Here one finds a veritable fleet of fishing boats at anchor, which are closely observable at close range as the visitor walks among and around them on elevated walks or piers. Indeed the scene suggests some old-world port with its quaint color and yet quainter smells, and with the general foreign slant about the place. As a matter of fact, the personnel is chiefly Italian. The wharf itself presents a large, open square where visitors park from all over, preparatory to a gustatory splurge in sea food. For this is not only a sea food market but a consumers' mart as well, with its cafes and curb service. Lining the curb is a series of enormous boiling cauldrons in which shrimps and crabs are done while you wait. If you wait too long, you may think better of it and drive on! Just across the wharf is the much publicized Jo DiMaggio restaurant, with which the swatting Jo set his family up in business. It is quite hoity-toity, however, and distinct from the wharf cafes where the hoi polloi tourists foregather. The name DiMaggio is one to pay for as well as to conjure with.

SEA FOOD AT FISHERMEN'S GROTTTO

After scattering and strolling about this intriguing place, our party of nine finally came together in Fishermen's Grotto for the sea food dinner we had eagerly anticipated. From all the array of dishes offered, it was almost a state question to decide upon one's order. Those of us who were inclined to be cautious limited ourselves to a single item, such as an abaloni steak. Several of us, willing to try something, took the combination sea food plate, which included a weird array of fish, shrimp, crab, lobster, clam and oyster—that's all we can recall at the time. Two members of our party were venturesome and

elected some kind of a combination fish and crab dish which was masquerading under an Italian name and buried in highly seasoned tomato sause. In order to protect Dora Blumer and our Elisabeth—and their neighbors as well—the waiters tied huge red apron-bibs about them, much to the entertainment of fellow diners in the Grotto.

Our tables, on the bay side and second floor of the Grotto, overlooking the fishing boats, afforded us an excellent view of the brilliant evening sky which seemed to smile upon us. Once served, however, our attention turned from outward scene to the inner business in hand. There is a trick about eating sea food dinners, especially for the novice: it is in discerning exactly, to the definite morsel, when enough is enough—Selah!

From Fishermen's Wharf we drove to the Coit Memorial Tower, which tops Telegraph Hill. By this time night had fallen, and we had a marvellous view of the illuminated city and bay expanse, including the two sightly bridges.

IN EMBLAZONED CHINATOWN

Another distinctive feature of San Francisco is Chinatown. Some other cities have Chinese quarters so named, but without the scope, history and background that have made famous the Chinatown of San Francisco, with which we concluded our afternoon and evening calls. To be sure it is not the old Chinatown of pre-earthquake days, with its subterranean "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," but on the whole, perhaps it is just as well—and better so.

Chinatown is a city within a city; and it presents a striking combination of Orient and Occident. Much of the architecture, featured with curved roofs and pagoda-motifed buildings, is oriental, while the emblazoned scene in which modern lighting effects outshine the mellow lights of the Chinese street lamps, together with the smart bazaars, suggests the commercial atmosphere of the West. In a word, Chinatown belies the dictum that East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

Again crossing the bay, we returned by Oakland, driving around Lake Merritt in the heart of the city, the lake reflecting the thousands of colored lights that encircle it in graceful festoons. Thence back to Berkeley, where we said goodbye to our friends and made our way back to the Blue Bell Court in Richmond. What a full and varied day we had enjoyed!

HEADED FOR MONTEREY BAY

Next morning we made our fourth crossing over the Oakland Bridge, driving once more through San Francisco

and down the peninsula on our continued coastwise trip. We stopped briefly to see Stanford University, but just failed to connect up with our fellow Quaker editor, D. Elton Trueblood, Chaplain of the University. Instead of driving directly on south, we turned west from near San Jose toward the Monterey Bay region which was new territory to all of us.

From Los Gatos, where we lunched, we headed for Santa Cruz on the broad, curving highway that fairly sweeps one over the mountains to the coast. So exhilaratingly did we roll and swerve along that except for Elisabeth's sharp eyes we would have sailed right past the sign pointing to a side road leading to the Santa Cruz Big Trees Park. Following the modest country road for a few miles, we came to the magnificent Sequoias clustered together in what primitive pagans would have termed the Twilight Grove of the Gods.

AMONG THE SANTA CRUZ SEQUOIAS

While quite similar to the Redwoods we had been seeing farther north, these Sequoias were sufficiently distinctive to engage our eager observation as we walked among them. Two or three had been burned at the base, offering a cavernous recess of refuge as occasion might make convenient. From one giant base towered seven or eight trees, rising separately from each other. Then there was Wonder Tree, so-named for its fantastic configuration. Perhaps the noblest of them all is General Sherman, 285 feet high and venerable to the extent of some five thousand years. Even so, in size it is not much more than a small model of the world famous General Sherman tree that features the National Sequoia Park in the interior of California. Each park, also, has its own General Grant, as we recall. Just why, we wondered, must names be duplicated in this confusing way within the confines of one State. Can it be to encourage Santa Cruz tourists to think they have seen the real thing? California is pretty big, and the trees are plenty big, but not big enough to warrant the appearance of turning duplication into duplicity.

TWO PERTINENT QUESTIONS

Just how and why, incidentally, do the generals rate so high in naming these forest monuments to nature's silent, but triumphant processes? And why is such recognition reserved for the male of the species? We would like to discover a new grove of giant Sequoias for the single purpose of conferring upon them such names as Walt Whitman, Lucretia Mott, William Penn, Frances Willard,

Phillips Brooks, Susan B. Anthony, Timothy Nicholson and—well, you name the rest.

AND THE CARMEL FLOWS GENTLY

From Santa Cruz, we drove southward to Monterey through a rich agricultural section, in which the broad, green fields of leguminous crops presented a pleasing scene. Since it was well on in the afternoon when we reached Monterey, we drove on three or four miles to charming Carmel-by-the-Sea, famous artists' colony and unique seaside resort perched on a hillside beneath the pines. Beyond Carmel, near the San Carlos Mission, we took an attractive, rustic cottage in a secluded tourist cabin grove, El Rio Carmelito, located, as its name suggests, on the little Carmel River. How could we help speaking softly—and sleeping soundly—in El Rio Carmelito?

A DIVERSIFIED EVENING

Thus pleasantly located—and sure of a home to which to return—we set forth to enjoy a long and diversified evening. In the late afternoon glow of a brilliant day, we enjoyed a bayshore drive which brought us to Pacific Grove, a popular vacation town on Monterey Bay, where we had dinner. Driving back to Carmel, we spent an hour or so poking about the alluring shops that reflect the artistic and literary atmosphere of the place. We were particularly intrigued by the Cabbages and Kings Shop, but its "number of things" were unfortunately limited to women's apparel.

ARTICHOKES FOR THE FASTIDIOUS

Rising early next morning, we made a little pre-breakfast tour of observation in the country round about. We had noted the fields of lustily growing plants which proved to be artichokes. In fact we were in the center of the artichoke production of the whole country. It is an edible delicacy, an aristocratic titbit, but it would be a tantalizing number to set before a man with a robust appetite. One could starve gradually and gracefully on artichokes, and pass out with gentility. The very memory of extracting precarious nourishment from this elite morsel, made us hungry, and on returning to the cabin, we hustled our party in to Monterey for a substantial breakfast of bacon and eggs! Thus supported and refreshed, we were ready to imbibe eagerly of the romance, beauty and historical associations in which Monterey and Monterey Bay are so rich.

W. C. W.

"He that thinketh by the inch and speaketh by the yard deserves to be kicked by the foot."

TOWARD FELLOWSHIP IN MEDITATION

Conducted by Herman Newman

ON FINDING THE WAY

*I will put my laws into their minds,
and will write them upon their hearts.*

—HEBREWS 8:10.

* * * *

That which reaches the witness of God in yourself is the Life and Light.

GEORGE FOX.

* * * *

I was commanded to turn people to the inward Light . . . by which all might know their salvation.

GEORGE FOX.

* * * *

When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and as I gave way unto it I found the evil weakening in me and the good raised up.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

* * * *

Prayer is perhaps not so much a reaching out as it is a reaching in to the depths of the soul, for it is in those depths, in the very heart of man, that the energy of God touches him most vitally.

EDWARD I. BOSWORTH.

* * * *

So what people had been vainly seeking without, with much pain and cost, they, by this ministry, found within . . . viz.: the right way to peace with God. For they were directed to the Light of Jesus Christ within them, as the seed and leaven of the Kingdom of God. . . a faithful and true witness and just monitor in every bosom.

WILLIAM PENN.

* * * *

So welcome I from every source
The tokens of that primal Force,
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it reaches to,
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
The tidal wave of human souls;
Guide, comforter, and inward word,
The eternal spirit of the Lord!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

* * * *

The Spirit of God is the true Guide, of this we are sure, but how are we to know whether the voice which sounds in our heart is of God or from some "creaturely" prompting? Fortunately there are ways of testing our leadings.

* * * *

Whatsoever any one, pretending to the Spirit, does contrary to the Scriptures may be accounted and reckoned a delusion of the devil.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

All spiritual teachers have pointed out in one way or another that the surest test of Divine guidance is to be sought in life-results. The fruit of the Spirit will always be some permanent spiritual product, such as "love, joy, peace, endurance, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control." . . . The question will be, not where did it come from, but will it unify and construct the life, will it lead to a richer personality and a more trustworthy and reliable character? Does it function toward the power of an endless life and produce fitness for such a life? This is to be the mark and brand of every spiritual illumination. . . The best proof that the seed which one plants is an acorn is that it grows into an oak.

RUFUS M. JONES.

* * * *

He must test it (spiritual leading) by the spiritual life in other men. . . The spirit in one man must be tested by the spirit in many men. . . He must therefore learn to know God's will, not merely in private inward babbings, but by genuinely sharing in a wider spiritual order through which God is showing Himself.

RUFUS M. JONES.

* * * *

"Lead Kindly Light amid the encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on."

As we cross the threshold of another year, we pause for a brief moment at the inner sanctuary of the soul for a fresh sense of Thy Presence. During the months ahead keep our hearts free from prejudice and hate. May our vision be clear, our purpose pure and our courage strong. And may our labors together be blessed in bringing in Thy New Order. Amen.

THY CHOSEN WAY

Eternal God, O Love Divine,
Forgive this wayward people, Thine—
A nation founded on Thy good,
Thy watchful care, Thy fatherhood—

That conquered wilderness and plain
From rising sun to western main.
Oppressed, men came from everywhere
Our life and brotherhood to share.
?

Now, lured by lust of power and pelf,
Too often working but for self,
For fleeting things, for luxury,
Men license nd, not liberty.

Help us return to Thee, we pray,
That we may tread Thy chosen way;
That we may lead the world to peace,
That wars and hatreds now may cease.

CHAS. W. PALMER.

Westtown, Pennsylvania.

A STATEMENT ON ENGLISH C. O.'S IN PRISON

In the London *Friend* for October 31, 1941, appeared a statement by John Nickalls, Librarian of Friends Reference Library in London, on the status and number of conscientious objectors in England who are in prison. For the information of our readers, we reproduce the gist of the article.

Nearly 500 conscientious objectors are now in British prisons for some form of non-compliance with laws and regulations which conflict with their deep pacifist convictions.

We certainly would not grudge recognition of the courteous spirit in which the tribunals, on the whole, have considered the applications which have come before them; but it must also be recognised that the large number of imprisonments indicates that no tribunal is competent finally to assess the genuineness of a man's conscientious beliefs.

Official figures, given in *Hansard* on October 14 and 16 last, show that all the middle of October, 477 men were in civil prisons. Forty of these were serving sentences following court martial for disobedience on conscientious grounds to military orders. Some of these forty men have served two or three sentences of military detention before being given the sentence of imprisonment which qualifies them, under the National Service (Armed Forces) Act, Section 13, for a fresh application to the Appellate Tribunal.

Four members of the Friends Ambulance Unit have served prison sentences. They were all released after their further appeals had been allowed.

In all, eighty-four men sent into the Army as a result of dismissal of their first appeals have been recommended, at their second appeals following three months' imprisonment, for discharge from the Army as C. O.'s. There are several men associated with Friends among these, in addition to the four members of the F. A. U.

The great majority of the C. O.'s now in prison have been sentenced by magistrates in the police courts for refusal to submit to medical examination for military service, either combatant or non-combatant, after their first appeals have been dismissed by the Appellate Tribunal.

Had they been willing to undergo medical examination and had they thus passed into the Army, they would have been eligible, on receiving a court martial sentence of three months' imprisonment or over for disobedience to an order on conscientious grounds, to make

a second appeal to the Appellate Tribunal. They have not this right, however, and the anomaly is engaging the very close attention of the Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, on which the Society of Friends is well represented. The Board is urging that pressure should be brought to bear on the Government to accord this right of second appeal to those men who are not yet subject to a military court.

If such a course is not followed there will be a repetition of the "cat and mouse" conditions of the last war—that is, repeated imprisonment for repeated refusal to be medically examined.

Prosecutions for refusing medical examination numbered 215 in September, more than the total in the three preceding months together. After release the man becomes again liable to be called for medical examination.

So far, we know of only two men connected with the Society who have been sentenced for refusing to register or to perform civil defense duties under compulsion. A number of Friends and other pacifists have felt that they would be committing themselves by registration to various forms of civil defense which they could not undertake, and they have refused to register. No news has yet been received of any action having been taken by the authorities.

Men in prison who register as "Quaker" on entering may receive the visits of a Friend appointed to act as a "Quaker prison minister"—an official term which should be used instead of that of "Quaker chaplain" which was common in the last war. A "chaplain" is the salaried prison official.

The Prison Commissioners have recognised as "ministers" for civil prisons the Friends whose names have been put forward by the Prison Ministers' Committee of the Friends Home Service Committee, and similar appointments have been recognised by the War Office with regard to military prisons.

These Friends are now visiting the C. O.'s who want to see a "Quaker minister" in eighteen civil prisons. In four of these a Meeting for Worship is regularly held, besides personal visits being made by the "minister" to the prisoners.

The men who are thus registered as "Quakers" are allowed Friends' doctrinal and devotional books, and copies of *The Friend* and *The Wayfarer*, supplied through the Ministers' Committee, will also be admitted to the prison libraries under conditions laid down by the authorities. The message of encouragement from Yearly Meeting for men in prison has been communicated to all the prison "ministers." It is not possible to send copies to men in prison.

NORTH CAROLINA FRIEND VISITS BUSH RIVER

Having been interested for some time in the Bush River country from which the ancestors of many of the Quakers in Ohio and Indiana came, and having been told that the old cemetery near Newberry, South Carolina, still belongs to North Carolina Yearly Meeting, I recently asked the approval of New Garden Quarterly Meeting to visit the old burial ground with the probability in mind of setting up a marker of some kind to indicate the historical interest of the spot.

On Thanksgiving day, November 20 in this State, with my family I finally succeeded in discovering the old cemetery, and thought it might be of interest to other Friends to know about its condition and its exact location.

When we first inquired about such a cemetery, the people in Newberry knew nothing about it. After visiting two other old cemeteries of great interest, but not the one we were seeking, we were finally directed to a community which, we were told, would know about the cemetery. I learned later that if I had only used the term, Bush River, which still applies to the creek in the community, I might have been able to find the spot more easily. After wandering some eight miles out of our way, we were directed to the right place.

The old cemetery lies only about three miles southeast of the town of Newberry and about three hundred yards north of Bush River, near the Mary Wicker farm.

To reach it one should go south out of Newberry on Highway 19 and bear left about one mile south of the town on a sand-clay road.

The little old cemetery which is now overgrown with great forest trees, and is surrounded by the stone posts of what has been a fence, is of great interest. Although the oldest graves have no names on the markers, some stones recorded a person's death as early as 1823. A few of the names sound very familiar: Phoebe K. Mendenhall, daughter of Isaac Jenkins, Mary Jenkins, Timothy Pugh, Sarah Pugh. One rather large stone which would serve to identify the place was in memory of William Harmon Frean, who died July 6, 1851.

A problem, which is unsolved as far as I am concerned, is: who has used the cemetery during the many years since most of the Quakers migrated to Ohio in the early Nineteenth Century. A good many persons, probably relatives of early Quakers, if not Quakers themselves, have been buried in this place.

If Friends should take an interest in helping to improve the appearance of the cemetery, and to place a historical

marker near it, or in Newberry, possibly some of the descendants of these families whose people are buried there might be glad to assist. Also, the town of Newberry might take an interest in publicising the historical significance of the town.

The records of Bush River, recorded in William Wade Hinshaw's volumes, are kept in the vault here at Guilford College.

I should be glad to correspond with any Friends who might wish to visit or get information about this old spot of interesting associations to Friends and many others.

PHILIP W. FURNAS.

Guilford College, North Carolina.

PREPARING FOR PEACE IN TIME OF WAR

Perhaps the most important religious meeting of the year will be the one scheduled for March 3-5, at Ohio Wesleyan University in Delaware, Ohio—a National Study Conference on "The Churches and a Just and Durable Peace."

From two to three hundred delegates from the various denominations, from state and local councils of churches, and from other Protestant church organizations are expected to meet to discuss the responsibility of the churches with respect to the post-war world and to consider what, if any, recommendations regarding American policy should be forthcoming from the churches.

The conference will be broken up into four study groups, according to John Foster Dulles, prominent international lawyer and Presbyterian layman who is chairman of the Peace Commission of the Federal Council of Churches. These sections are: (1) the political bases of a just and durable peace; (2) the economic bases; (3) the social bases, including racial and cultural factors; (4) the Church's program in relation to a just and durable peace.

In speaking of the importance of the conference, Mr. Dulles says: "In the light of the expanding war the forthcoming National Study Conference takes on added significance. It is not too early—nor is it too late—to plan for a just and durable peace. Now, more than ever, with our country officially at war, we must 'in time of war prepare for peace.' We should be encouraged by the experience of the English churches which have been able, from the very outbreak of the war more than two years ago, to carry on a thorough study of post-war problems."

"Not a few take up the burden of life with a sad heart but an unconquered will."

THE BINDING TIES OF LOVE STILL HOLD

BY MARY HOXIE JONES

The declaration of war on Japan on December 2, and on the Axis powers on December 11, has brought a sense of frustration and sorrow to many people. But has it meant a black-out to the American Friends Service Committee? A radio was brought into the office in Philadelphia on December 8, so that members of the staff might listen to the President's speech before Congress. As the staff listened to the words which made war an actuality, everyone sat with bowed head, trying to realize that the long-dreaded event was taking place at that moment.

Not all members of the staff were present, since some are stationed in Switzerland, France, Portugal, China and England. There are persons closely associated with the Service Committee in Japan, Germany, Holland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, the Hawaiian Islands, Syria, Palestine, Greece, Egypt—in fact, it may well be said that the Service Committee has Friends in all parts of the world. The equator may be an imaginary line which runs around the earth, but the Service Committee, as an organization of the Society of Friends, is a real line which runs back and forth between individuals and groups and holds them together in a bond of love and good will.

As the applause and excitement died away over the radio, it seemed probable that communications between 20 South 12th Street and other parts of the world would be cut. However, it was worth trying to send messages and continuing in the belief that work could go on. To Gilbert MacMaster at the Geneva Center, this cable was sent, "We ask you to give our love and greetings to all centers." On December 12 came his reply, asking the Service Committee to consider sending Roswell and Marjorie McClelland to Switzerland to work on refugee problems, saying that the Government would welcome this. Three days later Gilbert MacMaster cabled again that he had contacted Howard Kershner, who had received the cables sent from Philadelphia, and had replied, also saying that the staff was well and that the arrangements for continuing the work in the Marseilles Center still stand.

The message which had been sent to Howard Kershner on December 8 urged the staff's reconsideration of a letter sent on May 19, 1941, by Clarence E. Pickett, in which was expressed the sense of fellowship between those in the office and those on the field in France, and stating that the time might come

when it would be necessary for those abroad to decide between staying or coming home, if supplies were no longer available for relief. "Even so," the letter said, "there would be a place for a few persons with a concern for good will across all boundaries which separate us and upon which ultimately any good peace will have to rest. The persons who can effectively live in a foreign community to represent Quaker ideals of life and thought must be men and women of spiritual maturity who see clearly the difficulty of their task and who know that it is important. . . The very presence of a person representing an ideal can itself be a kind of ministry." This cable urged that preparations for leaving be made, while some travel was still possible for Americans.

Having had no answer, on the following day the Service Committee sent a second message to the effect that, on the advice of Washington, A. F. S. C. workers were encouraged to come not later than the embassy staff members. In some anxiety upon still receiving no reply, a third message was sent a day later, December 11, advising that a prompt exit was urged even more strongly and that travel arrangements were being made through Joseph Conard in Lisbon. On December 13, after attempting for several days to reach Philip Conard by telephone in Lisbon, James Vail talked with him and with Russell Richie, asking them to contact Marseilles, which they did, reporting that all were well. Finally, later on that same day there came through a telegram from Howard Kershner inquiring about the possibilities of transfer of funds and asking if there was any hope for further support of the camp relief program being administered by these Friends. He stated that French neutral and some American staff members were planning to continue their work as long as resources permit and inquired about prospects for further staff support.

The Service Committee replied on that same day that they would welcome the continuance of those who are under a concern to stay and that a sum of \$10,000 was being sent to Lisbon which was available for any staff members' transportation.

Despite two cables sent to Shanghai, one before and one after war was declared, asking for news of Harry Silcock and others at the Friends Center, no word has yet been received, nor has any word come from Edith Sharpless in Tokio, from William and Catherine Cadbury in Canton, nor from Lucy Burt in Peking. Word was received, however, on December 11, from Christopher Sharman in Kweiyang, West China,

stating that their transport program was developing well.

Two messages have come from England, one from the Friends Service Council on December 10 expressing heartfelt sympathy for our new problem; and from the Friends War Victims Relief Committee, of which John W. Cadbury III, is a member: "May the grace and strength of God enable you to continue to walk cheerfully over the world in spite of the heavy burden of new suffering."

As the defense, the black-outs, the restrictions and the war fever close upon life in America, may the Service Committee keep these last words constantly in mind. The lines are strong which bind Friends in the service of love, and they will hold.

FOR CHURCH PROGRAMS ON FAMILY LIFE

Entitled "Good Homes," a new leaflet has just been published by the Federal Council of Churches' Commission on Marriage and the Home. It includes findings from recent studies of marriage, suggestions for family and church cooperation, an outline of a worship program in the home, and some tested helps for the local church program on family life.

The home needs the help and guidance which the church can give in the midst of the confusions of today. The new world which we seek must begin in homes before it can be realized in the world outside. This leaflet helps direct our thinking and planning in that direction, and is being considerably recommended by leaders in the field.

Copies may be obtained from the Commission on Marriage and the Home, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City, at 3c each or 50c per hundred.

A MINUTE OF PRAYER FOR AMERICANS

Beginning at six o'clock in the evening on New Year's Day and continuing for the duration of the present emergency, a Minute of Prayer is being observed daily by concerned Christians all over the country. Such a time provides men and women everywhere with an opportunity to unite in dedicating themselves to the service of God and country and to keep tuned to the needs of a suffering, warring world.

In Great Britain a Prayer Minute has been observed for over a year, and it is reported that millions join individually and unitedly at this time in drawing on the resources of strength found in prayer.

Approved by the Federal Council of Churches, the project is being directed by its Department of Evangelism.

FROM ACTING PRESIDENT TO PRESIDENT

After serving for more than a year as Acting President of the City College of New York, Harry N. Wright was last month unanimously recommended to the Board of Higher Education for the permanent presidency. The nomination was approved. This is a recognition which is very pleasing to the many friends of Harry Wright from coast to coast. A graduate of Earlham College, Harry Wright taught first at Pacific College and later at the University of California, where he received his Doctor's Degree, and at Whittier College, of which institution he became President. After serving from 1924 to 1930 as Dean of Earlham College, he joined the faculty of City College of New York.

After his election as Permanent President, the following editorial appeared in the *New York Times* under date of December 17.

"Dr. Harry Noble Wright, the new president of City College, has a long and distinguished record as a teacher of mathematics, as college dean and president. His administrative and general capacity, tested elsewhere, has been tested here for some ten years. The job he now takes as head of a college that has the population of a good-sized city and, like most colleges, is a city of stirs and tumults, calls for a strong character, for tact, for an adaptive power and charity equal to dealing with the fustiest professor, the freshest undergraduate, the most querulous alumnus; and beyond that, with the public, all sorts and conditions of men and women.

"Aside from his special duties, the president of City College is a public figure. He must measure up to a number of standards. This Indiana scholar seems to have a way with him. He has energy. He has dignity. He has courage. This last quality was conspicuous in his dealing with the Communists and their effort under the mask of academic freedom to indoctrinate the young with notions that aim at the destruction of Freedom. It was high time that the City had a permanent head again. Not merely the students and graduates of the College of the City of New York, imposing as their numbers are, but the community wishes well to this clear-headed Westerner."

AN IOWA YOUNG FRIENDS INSTITUTE

An institute for young Friends beyond high school age was held at Indianola, Iowa, during Thanksgiving week, November 29 and 30. The institute was the result of a concern arising in the

Young Friends Board of Iowa Yearly Meeting that young people be brought together to consider the place of older youth groups in the program of and participation in the Church.

Various leaders and subjects under consideration were as follows: Charles O. Whitely, Evangelism; Charles F. Thomas, Peace Testimony; Bessie F. Brown, Missions; Edgar H. Stranahan, Opportunities for Young People; Richard R. Newby, the Local Meeting. In the absence of Vera Williams, Professor Brockman of the Indianola High School conducted a demonstration on music and its use in worship.

The institute closed with the morning session Sunday when those in attendance met for worship with Indianola Friends. Paul Barnett, chairman of the Board and of the Institute, gave the message.

ALICE JONES.

Clio, Iowa.

MAN'S HOPE REALIZED

(Continued from page 2)

among us." Deity walked with men. Then the closing incident in the boyhood of Jesus in the last part of the second chapter of Luke, gives us the words, "He grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." In recording the events surrounding his birthday what could the inspired writers say that would more clearly set forth his divinity? In recording the summary of his boyhood life (Luke 2:52), what phrases could more clearly express how in youth he grew as normal youth always aspires to grow, advancing in mental ability (wisdom), in physical development (stature), in spiritual attainment (favor with God), and in social responsibility (favor with man)?

This is indeed a golden text. The youth of today who aspires to wisdom, who guards and cherishes his physique, who devoutly seeks the divine favor, and lives with a sense of social responsibility, has set before himself four most worthy goals—a fourfold experience—a four lane highway along which he can move with every assurance that he will attain unto a Christian manhood, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. What a challenge for any group of young people to discover the ways and means of making measurably their own this fourfold experience of Jesus! The doorway is open. The way is steep, but the rewards are priceless.

CHARLES M. WOODMAN.

Richmond, Indiana.

"The work of the Church is essential and never more essential than in these times, and for that reason we must not allow the strain of war to slacken our pace."

QUAKERDOM AT LARGE

"Everybody fine—notify others." This is the message which has come from Honolulu, sent by Gertrude Bowles, wife of Dr. Herbert Bowles. This assurance of safety includes, obviously, Gordon and Jane Bowles and their parents, Gilbert and Minnie Bowles; doubtless, also, other Friends now resident in Honolulu.

* * * *

Word has come to us of the death on December 5, 1941, at Glens Falls, New York, of Mary S. Knowles, who was our one life subscriber on THE AMERICAN FRIEND subscription list. Though long since retired from the active ministry in the Society of Friends, she was a thorough and appreciative reader of the paper, as she let us know from time to time.

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On Sunday, December 21, this cable came to THE AMERICAN FRIEND from Soerabaja, in the island of Java: "Safe—inform families. Simkins." This news of Robert L. and Margaret T. Simkin, on their way back to their field of service at West China Union University at Chengtu, was received with joy and relief, not only by their immediate relatives but by friends from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

* * * *

Some of our readers have followed with deep appreciation the fine service of understanding and conciliation rendered by Heinz Kappes in Palestine—a service given through many personal and family vicissitudes. Fleeing Germany in 1933 and the wrath to come, Heinz Kappes, a member of Germany Yearly Meeting, promptly established himself as a spiritual force amid the tensions in Palestine. When England and Germany went to war, he was interned for a time, but was later released. We read in the London *Friend* that he recently applied for Palestinian citizenship, which has been granted. He took this action, he states, "to show that I have linked my fate with the fate of this country. That is the only way left to me of showing the Government my earnest desire to show myself worthy of the freedom which has been granted to me."

* * * *

With their two young children, David and Sarah, George and Helen Hardin, former workers on our mission field in Oklahoma, are now located at Mangum in that State, which is the headquarters for George Hardin, field executive in the Last Frontier Council, Boy Scouts of America. They write that they live out where the short grass begins, "on the edge of the old Dust Bowl—the cotton

country, the Grapes of Wrath, the cactus, horned toads, white-face cattle, shelterbelts, Texas pioneers, subsistence levels, granite hills that are the oldest things in the western hemisphere, rodeos, rattlesnakes and endless plains. The territory George covers is two and a half times the size of Rhode Island. They say the trailer which houses them constantly is invaluable, not only because by it they can be together wherever George is working, but because it means "a home in every town."

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

At the morning meeting for worship on Sunday, December 14, thirteen active and twenty-three associate members were welcomed into fellowship by Friendsville Monthly Meeting of Friends, Friendsville, Tennessee.

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Los Angeles Monthly Meeting was held on December 10 at 17th and Toberman Streets during the city's first blackout. Faith and courage led the meeting to plan on locating a parsonage next to the church within a short time and for opening the church as a relief station if necessary. Many innocent Japanese in Southern California find themselves in distressing circumstances, and it was the deep concern of the group to unite in meeting the situation effectively. Moses T. Mendenhall, pastor, represents Friends on the Executive Council of the Church Federation of Los Angeles.

* * * *

Xenia, Ohio, Friends recently welcomed their new pastor and his wife, Franklin P. and Lillian Chant, and their daughter Miriam, who had just come from Tennessee. At the reception in their honor which was held in the church parlors on December 11, one hundred and fifty guests were present to greet them, including Wendell G. Farr, Yearly Meeting Superintendent, and his wife, from Wilmington. . . The parsonage has been recently remodeled. A new roof, new floors, papering, painting and varnishing were all a part of the process. Painting has also been done on the outside of the church. About \$400 has been spent to date, and it is hoped that more improvements may be made in the near future.

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The parsonage of Lynnville, Iowa, Friends has been greatly improved both in appearance and comfort by covering the outside of the building with imitation brick siding. The Young Married People's Sunday School class was re-

sponsible for the new built-in cupboards which add much to the convenience and attractiveness of the kitchen. . . On December 11, Paul and Alice Barnett were hosts to members of the Missionary Society and their husbands. A cooperative dinner was enjoyed at noon; followed in the afternoon by a Christmas program and gift exchange. Nearly fifty persons enjoyed the time of fellowship. . . At the November meetings of the Missionary Society, the women met at the church and made over clothing which was sent to the Wyandotte Mission in Oklahoma.

* * * *

The postponed meeting of Ackworth Quarterly Meeting met at Motor, Iowa, on December 13 and 14. A thoughtful group faced anew the troubled world with the war and its problems forcefully brought close at hand. All felt that we must live and work on with an increased courage and faith. Jessie Berry Wright, a former pastor of the Motor Meeting, was present to bring the Saturday morning message, calling on all for more thoughtful fellowship with God. Everett Davis, pastor of Ackworth, spoke on Sunday morning, urging our tolerance with those whose views differ from ours. At the Young People's meeting, the Penn College gospel team took charge, Marie Johnson and Arlo Tatum speaking. The Junior and Intermediate meeting was held on Saturday afternoon. Tristram Dillon and his wife, the new pastors at Motor Meeting, were welcomed by the Quarterly Meeting.

YOUNG FRIENDS BUSY IN GREENVILLE QUARTER

Greenville, Iowa, Quarterly Meeting was held at Greenville on December 6 and 7, with the usual valued comradeship between the meetings. Richard R. Newby was present and brought helpful and encouraging messages.

The young people rallied enthusiastically in reporting their work at the business session, and on Sunday afternoon were in complete charge of the session. Those who attended the Institute at Indianola told of their days there; and the appointment by the Monthly Meetings of young people to minister the local youth work and to serve as a medium between their home meetings and the Quarterly Meeting Young People's Superintendent was explained.

The Sunday Schools of both meetings reported favorable progress, and the results of financial needs were spoken

of with encouragement. Such events as Homecoming, Harvest Sunday, Quarterly Meeting Missionary Conference, Young People's Rally and Banquet and the annual bazaar have been observed in recent months.

Two boxes of clothing have been sent to the American Friends Service Committee and Christmas boxes have been packed for Oklahoma and Tennessee.

The concerns of the Peace and Service Committee come particularly close home in days like these, and the Quarterly Meeting went on record as desiring to do all within its power to bring about the better world.

TRUEBLOODS IN SERVICE AT FAIRMOUNT

Fairmount, Indiana, Meeting recently had the privilege of the teachings of Willard O. Trueblood and his wife, Caroline Trueblood. Beginning on Friday evening, November 28, at which time Willard Trueblood spoke to some one hundred men and boys at the Father and Son Banquet, Fairmount Friends met each day for the pertinent and helpful challenges brought by the Truebloods. In attendance were not only a good majority of the local meeting members, but also many friends from other churches.

The meetings closed on December 6 when Willard Trueblood gave both morning and evening messages. At the former he urged a religious as well as an intellectual approach to daily living; and in the evening meeting spoke on the subject, "Love Never Faileth." The deep inspiration which his messages brought and the new motivation which his contacts left in the hearts and minds of Friends, were valuable beyond measure to those who came to know him.

FRIENDLY GUILD HELPS ACADEMY STUDENT

For many years, the members of Friendly Guild, an organization of young women of First Friends Church, Indianapolis, have felt a concern for the welfare of Friendsville Academy, at Friendsville, Tennessee, and have worked together in order to contribute to its support. For the past two years, a particular student has been selected by the Principal, Marvin Jones, to receive the Friendly Guild Scholarship Fund, and after having received information and a picture of this girl, the members of Friendly Guild felt a keener interest in their project and a deeper desire to be of service.

One of the pleasantest features of this plan is the Christmas Gift Box. Marvin Jones supplies a description of the student and the members send a

large box of attractive and useful gifts. Last year this was so much appreciated by the recipient that she wrote to her Indianapolis friends, "This was the merriest Christmas of my life!"

Friendly Guild members hope that other organizations will also become interested in helping in this work—where even a small contribution goes so far toward educating and training fine young people, and creates a dividend of satisfaction and friendship for the donor.

NATION-WIDE CHRISTIAN MISSIONS SCHEDULED

The next series of Christian Missions will be conducted by the Federal Council of Churches in forty-five cities across the nation during January and February, this year in cities with populations of 25,000 to 100,000. The Missions will begin on a Sunday and will continue through the following Friday in each city where they are held. Four to ten nationally known speakers will participate in each Mission.

The present war situation provides added reason for holding these Missions, which will be as beacon lights set on hills pointing the way and giving encouragement. Friends are encouraged to watch the local press and to inquire of local churches for the Mission schedule.

AMONG OUR CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

HAROLD CHANCE—Director of Student Peace Service, American Friends Service Committee, Philadelphia.

PHILIP W. FURNAS—Professor of English, Guilford College, North Carolina.

FRANCIS D. HOLE—Instructor in Geology, Earlham College, on leave for graduate study at University of Wisconsin.

JOHN S. HOYLAND—English Friend, active in work of peace and conciliation; formerly represented Friends Service Council of London at Friends Center in Berlin.

MARY HOXIE JONES—Member of the American Friends Service Committee Staff, Philadelphia.

LEONARD S. KENWORTHY—Head of the Department of Social Studies, Friends Central School, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

JOHN H. ROBERTS—Toronto Friend, Clerk of the Representative Meeting of Canada Yearly Meeting.

CHARLES M. WOODMAN—Member American Friends Board of Missions, and of Board of Trustees, Earlham College.

W. A. YOUNG—Formerly Dean and now President of Friends University, Wichita, Kansas.

THE WAR TIME STATUS OF A. F. S. C. ACTIVITIES

Since the formal entrance of the United States into the war, many inquiries have come regarding the status of the American Friends Service Committee both here and abroad: whether its work will be severely curtailed; in what fields it expects to function in the months ahead. Although it is too soon to answer these questions conclusively, present indications are that most of the work will continue.

Relief in France

Cables from Marseilles and Geneva and a transatlantic telephone call with the Quaker representatives in Lisbon reassured the Philadelphia office that the European staff were all well and are intent on continuing their services as long as possible. The urgent matter for the moment is the purchase of two hundred tons of Swiss milk, and the remittance of additional funds to France.

Refugee Committee

Since the outbreak of the war, many refugees already here are classed as "enemy aliens." Thus the work of the Refugee Committee will necessarily change in some respects to meet new situations and needs.

A bulletin and a friendly letter from the Refugee Committee was mailed to all refugees known to the Service Committee, assuring them of friendly cooperation and continuance of aid, and requesting cooperation on their part as newcomers to this country.

The large number of Japanese, resident on the Pacific Coast, creates a particular problem in that area and California Friends already have undertaken important services on their behalf. It is planned for Walter and Marydell Balderston, who have been studying at Pendle Hill, to join the Service Committee staff in California in the interest of refugees and interned persons.

Social-Industrial Section

Already young people all over the Country are turning to the Service Committee with the desire to be put to constructive work in the national emergency. This will mean a closer coordination of many Service Committee activities such as the Volunteer Work Camps, the Student Peace projects, and the Civilian Public Service program. It is already clear that one of the principal fields in which young people will be able to work is on farms to increase food production, which is vital in looking forward to post-war reconstruction through the feeding of vast populations both here and abroad by America. It is hoped that such money as would ordinarily be earned by individuals aiding

the farmers can be turned into a financial resource for reconstruction work after the war.

Other volunteers who want to make a constructive contribution may be included along with the summer work campers in year-round projects, helping to develop marginal farming lands and impoverished agricultural areas.

Peace Section

The Peace Section has been assured by its secretaries across the country that communities are friendly and eager to go ahead with the plans for Institutes of International Relations next summer. These forums will be helpful in clarifying the minds of citizens on public and international affairs and in planning for post-war reconstruction and the re-establishment of peace on more enduring bases. At the same time, the Peace Section will gear in its youth projects with the activities developed to meet the problem of food shortages and other social needs during and after the war.

The interest of the Peace Section in Latin America will continue, and plans are under way for further projects in Mexico and Puerto Rico. Ray Newton expects to survey opportunities for work in Mexico next month and it is hoped that other Friends will join the group now working in Tuxpan, Jalisco.

Civilian Public Service

It is expected that the number of men enrolled in Civilian Public Service camps will be considerably increased by next spring. This will mean an additional financial responsibility for those who are supporting the camps. At the same time, plans are now under consideration for some men in the camps to be released for essential work in food production in which they can receive farm wages. Important decisions in regard to Civilian Public Service and its development may have to be made in the near future. In the meantime, life in the camps has taken on a more serious atmosphere. More men have shown an interest in the morning meetings for worship and there is a deeper sense of fellowship among the men and a higher morale in the camps. Many of the problems of camp rules and regulations and discipline which previously loomed large in importance have faded into relative insignificance in view of the new problems. Many of the men are pressing their services on the Committee asking for foreign service, especially to work in war zones that would have the challenge of danger. There is a possibility that a group of men may be able to work in England, but for the present it is reasonable to expect that the bulk of the C. P. S. campers will have to find their opportunities for service in the United States.

At What Age Should a Student Enroll?

HALF of the students in the three upper classes at George School are members of the "sequence" curriculums. Under this plan students of similar aptitudes and ambitions study together with the same teachers for three

consecutive years prior to college. To take advantage of the plan, a boy or girl should enter not later than the 10th grade. Entrance into the 9th grade is advisable for a year of exploratory work before the sequence is begun.

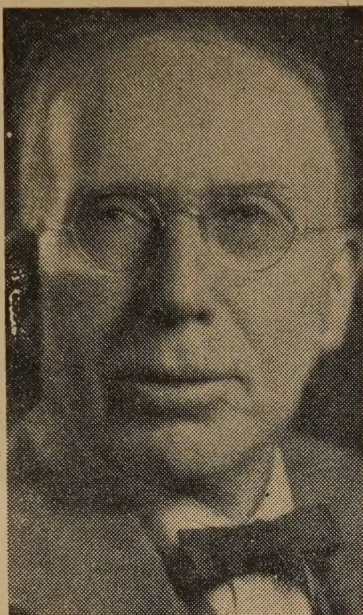
Applications for entrance in September 1942 are now being received.

For more information regarding the sequence curriculums, address

GEORGE A. WALTON, Principal, Box 351, George School, Pa.

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ALONZO M. GARDNER



Richmond, Indiana, lost an honored citizen and the Society of Friends an invaluable member in the death of Alonzo M. Gardner, which occurred at his home in Richmond on December 19, 1941. As a citizen of Indiana he had long served his community and the State in positions of distinction and responsibility. As an attorney he ranked high in the counsels and in the regard of his profession and of the public generally. This was due not only to his marked ability but to the very high ideals which he steadfastly maintained throughout his life. Few if any more unreserved encomiums were ever paid a member of the local Bar Association than those expressed in tribute to Alonzo Gardner at the special meeting called following his death.

While the name of Alonzo Gardner is not as widely known as some in the Society of Friends, few are better entitled to its gratitude for the meticulous care which he has given for many years to its financial and fiduciary interests. In this respect he served inconspicuously but with assiduous care. As a Trustee of the Five Years Meeting of Friends, he was largely responsible for the safeguarding of its securities and invested

funds. Indeed this was almost an obsession with him, and in fulfilling these responsibilities which he considered as a sacred trust, he gave of himself and his time without limit and without price. Similarly, as attorney for Earlham College, he long gave to the institution the best of his unusual legal ability.

However, it was not only in the role of attorney and trustee that he served well the Society of Friends. He was a charter member of West Richmond Monthly Meeting and through all the years he has been a pillar of that meeting, spiritually as well as otherwise. He had a keen discernment to recognize needs and was quick and eager to make generous response. He was generous in thought as well as deed, always exhibiting that spirit of tolerance and understanding which exemplifies the principles of the Society of Friends. Always a diligent reader, Alonzo Gardner, up to his very declining days, drew largely upon the wealth of the best literature and incorporated much that he read into the warp and woof of his life. He was thus a man of broad vision as well as of deep Christian faith.

The son of Benjamin H. and Susannah Morgan Gardner, he was born February 3, 1860, at Arba, Indiana. Following his attendance at county and district schools at Arba, he was for three years a student at Spiceland Academy at Spiceland, Indiana. Immediately following his school years he taught at Chester; in Howard County, Minnesota; and at Middleboro. During that time he spent one six-months' period engaged in the government survey of the Dakotas, and spent his summers reading law. In 1887 he was admitted to the Wayne County Bar Association and the same year was married to Belle C. Clark, the daughter of Harmon Clark. Though the couple had no children of their own, they gave generously and helpfully in the rearing and education of many other children and young people. Alonzo Gardner was a former city attorney and was at one time Wayne County representative to the State Legislature.

Surviving besides the widow are two

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Westtown, Pennsylvania

brothers, two sisters, a niece and four nephews.

At the funeral services held December 22, impressive tributes were paid by R. Furnas Trueblood, his pastor; by Charles M. Woodman, former pastor at West Richmond Meeting; and by President William C. Dennis of Earlham College.

BIRTHS

MERRILL—To Elmer G. and Millie Turner Merrill, pastors of Providence and Benson Chapel Meetings, on November 22, 1941, at Terre Haute, Indiana, a daughter, Elizabeth May.

MARRIAGES

BAILEY-COLE—At the home of the bride in East Whittier, California, on November 29, 1941, Constance Cole, daughter of Rachel G. and the late Lester Cole, to Dr. Carlos A. Bailey, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos A. Bailey of Long Beach, California. W. O. Mendenhall, minister.

MCKIM-MACY—On November 16, 1941, Mildred Irene Macy, daughter of Harold F. and Abbie Macy, and Eugene McKim, son of Charles A. and Frances McKim of Eddyville, Iowa. Paul Barnett, minister of Lynnville Meeting, minister.

SPARKS-RATCLIFF—On December 2, 1941, Alice Ratcliff, daughter of Harold and Charlotte Ratcliff, and Lloyd Sparks, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Sparks of Lynnville, Iowa, Paul Barnett, minister.

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DEATHS

PEACOCK—On November 28, 1941, after a long illness, J. Donald Peacock, at his home in Coral Gables, Florida. The son of Willis D. and Cynthia Fries Peacock, he was born in Fairmount, Indiana, but following the death of his father grew up in his grandfather's home at Charlottesville, Indiana, where he was a member of the Friends meeting until after his marriage. He was graduated from Earlham College in 1916 and soon was married to Lucile Yarian of Nappanee, Indiana. Immediately following his graduation he went into Y. M. C. A. work and was serving in the Evanston, Illinois, Y. M. C. A. when his health forced him to give up his work. Surviving besides his wife are one son and one daughter.

LOCAL MEETING DIRECTORY

BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA

Friends Memorial Church, Fulton Street at Channing Way. Morning worship, 11 o'clock. Evening service, 7:45. Gorman Y. Doubleday, minister. Phone Thornwall 5370.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Chicago Monthly Meeting, 110th Street and Longwood Drive. Bible School 10:30, Meeting 11:30. Rock Island Suburban Line to 11th Street. Halsted streetcar—"11thth Sacramento," get off at Longwood Drive. Russell E. Rees, Minister, 2208 West 11th Street. Phone Cedarcrest 2715.

Evanston Meeting, Maple and Greenleaf, Evanston. One block east of Ridge Boulevard, two blocks north of Main Street. Bible School at ten; Meeting for Worship, eleven. Lewis Benson, 911 Greenleaf St., Evanston, Illinois.

57th Street Meeting, 1174 East 57th Street, John Woolman Hall. Meeting for worship, 10:45; Religious Forum 11:30 a. m. Jeanette F. Stetson, secretary, 633 Maple Ave., Oak Park, Illinois, Phone Euclid 565.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Cincinnati Friends Meeting, Eden and Donahue Sts. Take either car 55 or 78 to University Ave., then walk east three blocks. Bible School, 9:45, and Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Robert M. Jones, pastor, 1607 Flora Ave., N. College Hill.

DENVER, COLORADO

Friends Meeting, 4100 Shoshone St., Worship 11 a. m., Church School 9:45 a. m., Norman E. Young, Minister, 4146 Irving St. Tel. Gr. 4741.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

First Friends Church, Fullerton and Ohio Ave., in Noble School Bldg. Take Grand River car to Ohio, then two blocks north. Bible School, 10 a. m., Meeting for 11 a. m. Worship. Send names and addresses of people coming to Detroit to Dr. Bruce Douglas, 18066 Warrington Drive, Detroit, Michigan.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

First Friends Church, 13th at Alabama Street. Church School—9:30 a. m. Meeting for Wor-

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ship—10:45 a. m. Errol T. Elliott, Minister.
Telephone, Riley 5224.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Friends Church, 1st Avenue South at 14th Street. Bible School at 10 a. m. Meeting for Worship at 11 a. m. Pastor, Wendell Hansen, 111 W. 45th Street. Telephone Pleasant 2960.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

United Meeting for Worship of Twentieth Street Meeting and Fifteenth Street Meeting. From October through April at Friends Meeting-house, 221 E. 15th street, First Day at 11:00 a. m. Visitors welcome.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Friends Memorial Meeting, 23rd and East Spruce. Bible School, 10:00. Meeting for Worship, 11:00. Edward Wagenknecht, Minister. Phone Ev. 0649.

University Friends Meeting, 3959 15th Ave., N. E., Phone Melrose 7450. Religious discussion, 10:00 a. m. Meeting for Worship, 11:00 a. m.

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington Monthly Meeting of Friends, affiliated with Five Years Meeting, 13th and Irving Streets, N. W.; Bible School, 9:45 a. m., Meeting for Worship, 11 a. m. Visitors welcome.

Friends Meeting, 2111 Florida Ave., one block from Conn. Ave. Meeting for Worship First-day at 11 o'clock. First-day school at 9:45. Friends and others interested are cordially invited.

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